Loving the Fall

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Loving the Fall

by Pleasebanmilk

Summary

Hannibal AU where Will joins the Navy and meets Commander Lecter. Will has to deal with the fact that he's gay- or more like Hannibal forces Will to deal with the fact that he's gay. Updated every Saturday.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Inguz: The Rune of New Beginnings

The alarm screamed at the ungodly hour of 1AM and Will wondered -not for the first time and probably not for the last time either- why he had decided this would be a good idea. He turned his head to look at the empty side of the bed beside him. He half expected Claire to be there all curled up in a ball and stealing his sheets. He had to remind himself that she had left him five months ago. Claire was all he had ever known, so naturally he felt as if someone had chopped off one of his limbs; living without her was almost like living without his right hand. However, if Will had to be completely honest with himself, he knew that he was supposed to feel worse. If your wife, the person you've been with ever since you were both scrawny little middle school kids divorces you, you're supposed to spend months crying and hooking up with random people to fill that void in your heart. Will cried once, and it was more out of frustration of not being able to work the washing machine and realizing that he was actually alone, as opposed to out of being broken at her departure. Claire had said that Will was 'emotionally unavailable' and that he wasn't giving her what she felt someone else could. He had spent weeks trying to decode the truth behind what she had said but he still didn't understand what she meant.

He looked at the clock again and saw that it was 1:15; he banged his head against his pillow and quickly threw the blankets off himself, allowing them to fall haphazardly onto the floor and scrambled out of bed. Will made his way into the kitchen whilst rubbing his eyes and turned on the coffee maker, then stood in front of it and watched the coffee slowly trickle out. Once the coffee was made and drunk, Will took a quick shower, got dressed and grabbed the bursting duffel bag he had packed the night before. Will was out of the house by 1:50am.

The drive from Wolf Trap to Richmond International Airport took two and a half hours, and the entire time Will's mind was racing through the endless articles and blogs he had read as part of his 'research on what going to naval boot camp would be like'. He had regretted this decision from the moment he had turned in his application three months ago- he had meant to go back into the Naval recruitment office but he kept finding excuses not to cancel his application. But now, as Will stared at the dark deserted road, he realized he couldn't think of a single good outcome of joining the Navy. All the months of hopelessly feeling sorry for himself, and wondering what could possibly be worse than his life after the divorce seemed to appear almost joyful next to what he knew the weeks to come were going to bring.

After a horrible two-hour flight, and a musty taxi ride later, he stood in front of the Great Lakes Naval Training Center in Illinois, with a stuffed duffel bag and a very clenched jaw. Will watched neat and flawless men and women teem into the large wooden doors of the naval station. He looked down at himself: he was skinny, bordering on scraggy and was wearing broken jogging shoes, a shaggy purple woolen jumper and old grey tracksuit pants

with a large oval grease stain on the left thigh (probably from when he spilt a very hot and very oily plate of churned bacon on himself?), and he realized that he had never in his entire life been so out of place as he was then. Will had the urge to turn around and hail a taxi so he could return to the safety of Wolf Trap, but he took a deep breath and started to walk in the direction of the door. He knew that he had nothing to return to if he decided to turn back now- it was too late.

Will lay on his scratchy mattress and stared up at the yellowing ceiling of the giant community dorm at the Training Center, and thought about his day. After registration, he was handed two blue military uniforms, and a more formal brown one called the naval service uniform, underwear, a towel and a few toiletries.

Will's throat felt tight, and he felt tears behind his eyes. He felt like jumping down from the top bunk, running out of the building and going home- going anywhere. Anywhere was better than this.

Earlier in the day, he was given a mandatory haircut. As the barber had cut his hair, he could feel the eyes of the other men on him. He could see that they were wondering what he was doing in the Navy- they probably were thinking about how he'd bring the whole division down, and how he looked like he couldn't do to three sit ups. In all honestly, Will hadn't done three sit-ups since physical ed. in sophomore year, he was now 25 so that was a good 10 years ago.

It was 8pm and everybody was getting ready for bed but Will just lay there on the bunk he had been assigned to. He knew that he had nowhere else to go, but that didn't make it better. He really wished he had a friend. Will turned his head slightly to look at the view on the side of his bed. Other men were climbing into bed, or folding their new uniforms and placing them in the small cupboard next to their bunks. Will was so different from these people. He knew he wouldn't find a friend.

Isa: The Rune of Distress

Chapter Summary

Okay, so mild smut? But also Will finally meets Hannibal ;)

Will woke up at the sound of Drill Instructor Crawford's booming, commanding voice blasting through the speakers of a megaphone.

"Wake up you little worthless insects, you aren't here to get your fucking beauty sleep, girls!". Drill Instructor Crawford had seen the quality of the Seaman Recruits plummet over the past 15 years and he had no patience left for shitty, slow recruits.

"Whoever isn't up in the next five seconds is giving me 30 push-ups!"

Will at groaned at hearing Drill Instructor Crawford's threat, then rolled onto his side, and let himself slip off the top bunk and onto the floor. Will's entire body was sore. He'd spent the last three days partaking in the excruciating hell of cardio, push-ups, swims, drills, marches and classes. His eyelids were heavy, but he managed to climb halfway up the ladder to his bunk and attempt to make the bed. He never knew how perfect it had to be, so he always stayed behind to make his bed absolutely flawless by expensive-hotel-standards. Will feared the punishment of exercise way too much; he couldn't even do the mandatory exercise of the day as it was, he wouldn't risk doing more on top of that.

The large dormitory was mostly empty by the time Will finished making his bed. He relished in moments like these where there was almost complete silence, everybody had gone to the communal bathrooms to shower. Will's daily routine was draining and depressing: it was full of shouts and crowds and Will happened to be extremely anxious when surrounded by either. Will leaned his head against the metal bar of the bunk bed and tried to find the strength and courage to survive one more day without a breakdown. He felt alone, scared and vulnerable, everybody seemed to already have found a group of other guys to talk to and socialize with when given free time, but will spent his free time reading a book or staring outside condensation-covered windows.

Will took a step backward and headed towards the small metal cupboard beside the bunk bed and grabbed his toiletries. He wasn't ready to face another day like the past three ones, but he knew that if he didn't go take a shower soon he'd have to face a very angry Drill Inspector Crawford and a horrifying number of push-ups.

Will reached the showers and found them nearly empty, which was what he was hoping for. He had never felt comfortable showing his body to other guys, or seeing other guys' bodies

for that matter. It just made him feel uneasy. Will set his toiletries on the shower floor, took off his shower robe, and turned on the shower. He stood under the hot spray for a few minutes, and it was because of the muffled sound of the warm water hitting his body that he didn't hear the other four men walk over to him.

He felt an arm touch his shoulder and Will turned around quickly, heart suddenly pumping so hard he could hear it in his ears. He watched as the four guys from his division cornered him against the wall. Will's brain stopped working momentarily, his legs were frozen in place but he managed to lean back into the wall. One of the men moved closer to him and Will quickly cover his dick with shampoo-covered hands, he felt exposed and terrified. His mind raced at the thought of what the men wanted- he didn't even know their names.

"Graham you pussy, you better fucking start excelling at cardio, you hear me. You're bringing the whole fucking division down." The tallest one said as he got too closer to Will's face. Will turned his head to the side, being so close to another guy was making him feel agitated. His stomach felt light and he felt like vomiting, unfortunately, there was nothing in his stomach to vomit out.

"You shouldn't have joined the fucking Navy if you're a fucking girl" the man on his left said though his teeth.

Will couldn't help but look at them with wide eyes, there was a lump in his throat so large that all he could manage was a short nod.

The men decided that the nod was enough; they turned on their heel and walked out of the communal showers. Will exhaled shakily and leaned his head back against the cold tiled wall. He would've given anything to not have signed up to the Navy that day. He knew the message the four men were trying to get across.

Will quickly rinsed the shampoo from his hair, dried himself and ran out of the bathroom. Once he was dressed in his exercise attire and ready he went into the cafeteria, grabbed a tray of scrambled eggs, sausages, and toast and sat down at the only empty table to eat.

After breakfast, Will headed to the courtyard where the division had to meet every morning at 6am for their 2-mile run. When he got there, the division set off with him. The cardio part of his day was always painfully terrible, but it was especially so today since Will was trying twice as hard as he had the three previous days.

Will was almost at the end of the two miles and he couldn't see anyone in front of him apart from a small figure in the distance. He knew he was almost done but he felt as if he was going to throw up at any moment, his chest was constricted and he could barely breathe; every breath burned his lungs. His arms and legs were heavy and his muscles stung every time his foot contacted with the ground. Will was feeling dizzy and tired- he hadn’t gotten enough sleep since he had spent all night trying to convince himself that he was OK. The only thing that kept Will from walking was the lovely memory of the encounter he had had that morning in the showers.

Once the 2-mile run was finished, he was lying on his stomach on the lawn in front of the redbrick building he had entered three days ago- even though it had been only three days,

Will felt months had passed since then. He was lying there surrounded by other men, some had finished the 35 push-ups, and some were almost done. Will was taking his inter-pushup rest, by some miraculous act of God he was on his 27th push up, so the rest was well deserved.

Will's arms were shaking and he knew that if he did another push-up he wouldn't have a smooth landing. He needed to see if Drill Instructor Crawford was looking at him, if not, he could get away with a few more seconds of rest before he attempted the 28th push-up. Will slowly lifted his face from the grass to look up at the Drill Instructor but instead of only Crawford, he found two people standing on the grass. Will's eyes floated over to the unknown man's legs and up from there.

The man was tall, well built yet skinny. He held himself in a stiff, but somehow majestic way. Will couldn't keep himself from staring. He slowly lifted his eyes from the man's chest to his face. He could see that the man had deep, shadowy eyes, and think pink lips. The man suddenly turned his head and stared directly at him. Will saw the relentless glare the man was giving him and felt naked under it. He was standing with such power, and such fire in his eyes- fire Will had never been looked at with before. Will felt so powerless lying there, with this man towering over him from a few feet away. The man was staring at him with such intent and purpose in his eyes, that Will felt his dick twitch in the confines of his sweaty tracksuit pants. He suddenly wanted nothing more than pressure on his half-hard dick; he wanted the man to keep looking at him with those eyes, with that stare. He watched as the man's lips parted, and felt a blood rush to his now hard dick. Will trembled as he exhaled slowly, and gave one small thrust of his hips against the grassy floor. The men exercising around him were completely forgotten.

Then, out of what Will thought was nowhere, Drill Instructor Crawford screamed his name; Will snapped his head in the direction of the shout with wide eyes.

"Graham you're not finished! Why are you fucking doing nothing? Stop fucking around. Nobody is leaving until this fucking pussy finishes his 35 pushups."

Will gulps, avoiding the stares of the other 59 men. He quickly buries his face in the ground, inhales, and starts to finish his pushups. He couldn't believe what had just happened. His stomach felt uneasy, and he felt bile rising in his throat, he swallowed, knowing that throwing up now would make matters worse. He tried reasoning with himself, he hadn't jerked off in 2 weeks (he had been too apprehensive about boot camp to get off in the days before coming here) so his fucking dick probably would've gotten hard at anything. He also hadn't seen a girl in four days so that must've been something too, right? And, he was extremely tired, the shitty coffee he had drunk this morning hadn't done anything to wake him up, he wasn't even thinking properly as the incident happened. He wasn't gay, that's fucking disgusting and unnatural. Plus, he had had a wife for fuck sake so he couldn't be gay. Will ignored the little voice in his head that let him know that he was never actually in love with Claire.

Will's internal battle was so loud that he hardly heard when Crawford shot some sarcastic congratulatory comment at him when he finished the exercise. As the division walked back inside, Will quickly turned around to see if the man was still there, but he wasn't. Will didn't

want to know who the man was; he was still sickened by the sinful reaction he had had to him.

That night when all the other men were in the rec room, Will was in a bathroom stall with a tight grip on his dick. He was trying to think of boobs and of women’s asses, but he knew that it wasn’t doing anything for him. Will always blocked out certain thoughts when masturbating- dirty ones, as he’d call them- but tonight he was too tired for that. He hadn’t slept well in days. Will allowed himself, for the first time in years, to think about whatever he wanted. He closed his eyes and saw the man of the field watching him and imagined himself naked, being scrutinized by the man's dark eyes. Will couldn’t stop the moan that slipped out of his mouth. He bit down on his lips so hard that they drew blood. It was fucking glorious. Will knew he was close, he was breathing out tiny breaths through his nose and his head was tipped backward. He imagined the man standing over him, stroking his cock as he commanded him not to finish. Will’s entire body convulsed, and the warm fluid shot from his cock, and spilled all over his hand.

Then, Will fell back against the toilet seat behind him incredulously. Will couldn’t believe what he had done.

Nauthiz: The Rune of Conflict

Chapter Summary

Thank you so, so, so much to my beta victorine, she is amazing.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will stood in line at the cafeteria, waiting behind thirty men to get his lunch tray containing what seemed to him to be chicken breast, mashed potatoes and broccoli.

His eyelids felt heavy, and he had never wanted a cup of coffee more than he did right then. He'd spent all night worrying about what had happened in the bathroom, with the result that he had only managed to get two hours of sleep. At 3am he decided that it was the stress of boot-camp, not having any women in his near vicinity, and the lack of sleep that had caused him to think about a man in that way. And it was never to happen again, he told himself.

When Will's turn to grab his lunch came, he gripped the tray and moved to the left to get a small carton of apple juice and a banana. He balanced the tray precariously on his right hand, whilst struggling to hold both the banana and the juice carton in his left. Will turned around slowly, keeping his eyes on the wobbly mashed potatoes, when he stepped on the back of a man's black leather boots. Will looked up, embarrassed, and as the man turned Will's breath caught in his throat and he felt his cheeks burn. It was the man from the field.

"One should take care where one steps, Seaman Recruit." the man said as he eyed Will.

"M-my apologies, sir," Will stuttered, while staring at his shoes intently. In his peripheral vision he could see the man observing his face. Will wanted to take a step back, the man was only one foot away from him and Will felt his stomach flutter with uneasiness, embarrassment, and something else Will claimed to be anxiety.

"What is your name, Recruit?"

"William Graham, sir," he mumbled, his head bowed.

"It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance, William. You may call me Commander Lecter."

Will's head snapped up at the sound of his first name. He looked around, embarrassed at the possibility of the other men hearing an officer speak to him in such an informal manner - it was unusual and implied intimacy. The men were all sitting at the tables laughing loudly and speaking obnoxiously. He was standing far away from everyone else and very close to the Commander.

Will inhaled, looked the man in the face and found him smiling slightly at him. Will looked down at his lips instinctively. They were incredibly appealing: thin, smooth, and slightly crooked from the smile. Will felt his stomach flutter - hunger, he told himself - and looked back up at the Commander's face. His eyes were intense, captivating and mysterious, and his hair was combed back neatly.

Will realized that it had been five seconds since the man last spoke, and Will had forgotten that he was supposed to answer. Commander Lecter, however, didn't seem to be irritated by this; instead, his eyes seemed hungry.

"Yes, sir," Will whispered.

"I hope you try harder during your daily exercise drills. They are necessary components of your training and should not be taken lightly," the Commander said, smirking.

Fire erupted in Will's cheeks and he looked down, horrified. Could the man really know about what happened on the field? Was he hinting at the fact that Will had humped the fucking ground while looking at him? Will needed to get away.

"May I be excused, sir?" Will asked gravely, keeping his eyes on the shiny tile floor.

"Of course, Recruit Graham. I will be teaching the class of Basic Seamanship, I shall see you in class at 1500 hours." After saying that, Commander Lecter turned around, with a bottle of water in hand and walked out of the cafeteria.

Will made his way to the nearest table and forced himself to eat. Dread now filled his stomach, there was no room for food.

Will sat on his bed, a book upon his lap, and was staring across at the wall on the opposite side of the room. He glanced at the clock; it was 2:17. Will breathed out; his stomach had felt heavy with worry ever since Commander Lecter told him he'd be teaching his class. He had actually been looking forward to the class, but he now knew that he'd never be able to concentrate with the man staring at him.

Will had chosen to ignore the reasons behind the fact that he had thought of the man naked; tiredness and stress no longer explained it since he hadn't quite been able to remove the image of the naked Commander from his head, especially since the cafeteria. He didn't know what to make of it but thinking about why was giving him anxiety. He wasn't okay with it - in fact, it felt *wrong* , but he felt as if he was walking on a tightrope above an abyss each time he thought about what this meant he was.

He climbed off the top bunk and went over to the cupboard. He shoved a few papers, the textbook he was handed yesterday by the Drill Instructor and a couple of pens into the bag. Then, he put on his socks and shoes and left the building.

After a short walk across the camp he reached the Ed Center, he entered and stopped outside his classroom. Will looked at the watch on his wrist, it was 2:45, he was 15 minutes early.

Will felt self conscious and awkward, he was pacing outside the classroom door and felt completely taken out of his comfort zone. He didn't want to be this early because he didn't want to be the only person in the class apart from Commander Lecter, who he supposed was inside. He didn't want to have to look at the man who was ruining his sense of who he was, without the safety of a packed classroom and various heads blocking his view.

However, Will also didn't want to be seen by someone pacing outside the classroom like an awkward 13 year old. Will took a deep breath, steadied himself and opened the door. As he had expected, the Commander was sitting in a comfy desk chair, but he hadn't expected to find him drawing.

Commander Lecter looked up and saw Will staring at him. He put down his pencil beside the drawing.

"You're quite early, Will"

Will didn't know what to say (since he was being addressed informally), nor did he know how to answer - was he expected to apologize for arriving early? He wanted to quickly scramble to a seat at the back of the room but he knew that it was unacceptable for a Recruit not to answer an Officer, so he said the first thing that came to his mind:

"You draw."

"Yes, I do. It's an old pastime of mine."

"What are you drawing?" he asked. Will knew this was a personal question, but the drawing was intricate and beautiful.

"This is the Duomo, the largest cathedral in Italy, it's found in Milan. It was my favorite place to visit in my youth."

Will leant in and admired the drawing. It was the most marvelous thing he had seen in years; it captured the coldness of the stone of the cathedral and the stillness in the admiration of its viewers. Will looked over at the Commander and found him watching him. The Commander's eyes reflected the light from the large windows at their side and his eyes no longer seemed black, they seemed so deep and knowing that Will couldn't help but feel attracted and drawn in by them.

"It's beautiful," Will whispered, smiling.

He was much too close, Will noted. He immediately pulled away and walked over to the back of the classroom, sat down, and put his head in his hands. He could no longer deny it. He couldn't run away from it. Will was ashamed of how he felt. He was ashamed that such a man had been able to uncover feelings he'd been burying since he was a meek, sad little child of twelve.

He only felt brave enough to look up again when he heard at least 8 distinct voices in the room. Will glanced nervously around for two hours. He fidgeted and his right leg didn't cease bouncing. He didn't pay attention and did not speak at all.

As soon as the class was over, Will grabbed his bag and ran out of the classroom. The man had managed to make him aware of his disgusting proclivities, but by no means was Will going to allow himself to act upon them, or speak to the man again. There was so need to dig himself deeper into such sin.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks, as always, to my readers. And thanks again to victorine she is very, very talented.

End Notes

Thanks, as always, to my readers.

The chapters are named after the rune I feel represents the chapter (Runes are ancient viking alphabet/divination tool used to communicate with the Norse gods). And yes, I am aware of the fact that I am a giant geek.

I hope you enjoy!!!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!